

Tull Jethro

"Orion"

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Orion, light your lights: come guard the open spaces

from the black horizon to the pillow where I lie.

Your faithful dog shines brighter than its lord and
master,

Your jewelled sword twinkles as the world rolls by.

So come up singing above the cloudy cover,

Stare through at people who toss fitful in their sleep.

I know you're watching as the old gent by the station

scuffs his toes on old fag packets lying in the street

And silver shadows flick across the closing bistro.

Sweet waiters link their arms and patter down the
street,

their words lost blowing on cold winds in darkest
Chelsea.

Prime years fly fading with each young heart's beat

And young girls shiver as they wait by lonely bus-stops

after sad parties: no-one to take them home

to greasy bed-sittens and make a late-night play

for lost virginity a thousand miles away.

Orion, won't you give me your star sign

Orion, get up on the sky-line

I'm high on my hill and feel fine

Orion, let's sip the heaven's heady wine

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